DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Convocation Hall

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Music At Noon
Student Recital Series

Monday, February 7, 2005 at 12:10 noon

Program

Sonata No. 15 in D Major, Op. 28, "Pastorale" (1801) — Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
- Allegro
- Andante
- Scherzo: Allegro Vivace
- Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

Alison Kilgannon, piano

From the "Italienisches Liederbuch" (1890-1896) — Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
- 6. Wer rief dich denn
- 11. Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
- 21. Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es nicht
- 40. O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas
- 43. Schweig' einmal still

Meera Varghese, soprano
Alison Kilgannon, piano

Translations

6. Who called you? Who summoned you here? Who told you to come, if it is such a burden for you? Go to the little darling whom you like more. Go where you thoughts are. Go on, go to the one who is in your mind and thoughts. You came to me, but you need not have bothered. Go to the little darling whom you like more. Who called you? Who summoned you here?

11. How long had it been my desire to have a musician fond of me. Then the Lord let me have my wish and sent me one just like lilies and roses. Here he comes, with a gentle mien, and inclines his head and plays the violin.

21. They tell me you mother won't have it. So stay away, my darling, do as she wishes. Ah, dearest –- no , don't do as she wishes, come to me in secret; do it to spite her! No, my darling, don't obey her anymore: come to me more often -- do it to spite her! No, don't listen to her, whatever she may say; do it to spite her, come every day!

40. Oh, if only your house were transparent as glass, my sweet, when I steal past. Then I could always see you inside -- and how I would look at you with my whole being. How many looks my heart would send you; more that there are drops of water in the river in March. How many looks I would send towards you; more than the drops in a rain shower.

43. Be quiet at last you horrible prattler, I am sick of you confounded singing. And if you went on until morning, you still wouldn't produce a pretty song. Be quiet at last, and go to sleep; I would prefer a donkey's serenade.

Translated by Eugene Hartzell